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VOICES OF HOPE

VOICES OF HOPE

By

OSWALD J. SMITH

Author of "Thou Art the Man,"
"Eternal Life;" and the writer of
many hymns

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NOTE

Very few of these poems have been written since the author was twenty-five, the last four years of his life being given more to the writing of sacred song.

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DEDICATED
TO MY WIFE

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VOICES OF HOPE

WHAT'S THE USE OF WORRY?

God is in His heavens! what's the use of worry?
Just because you cannot see the goal?
Be a little patient, worry will not hurry,
Keep the music ringing in your soul.
Worry never paid the rent,
Found a job, nor earned a cent—
Then why not let your Maker have control?

God is in His heavens! what's the use of worry?
Rome was never built within a day;
Dwell upon the bright side, don't get in a flurry,
Though your castles crumble in decay.
Worry never made it right,
Cleared the way, nor won the fight—
'Tis yours to will that worry shall not sway.

THE VOICES.

Hark! 'tis a voice that calls to me
Out of the depths of mystery ;
The bird that warbles in the tree
Singing as merrily as can be
Is more than sweetest melody,
For through its mingled harmony
I hear a voice that calls to me
Proclaiming some great destiny.

Hark! 'tis a voice that calls to me
Out of the depths of mystery—
The noisy cricket in the night,
The silent moon so clear and bright,
The star that gives a lesser light,
The meteor in its rapid flight—
Are more than what they seem to be—
Voices calling loud to me.

Hark! 'tis a voice that calls to me
Out of the depths of mystery ;
I hear it in the winds that blow,
It sounds amid the drifting snow,
The mighty thunder-storms that show
God's power, and afterwards the bow,
Are more than what they seem to be—
Voices calling loud to me.

Hark! 'tis a voice that calls to me
Out of the depths of mystery—
The lonely night, the dread, the fear,
The thought of those I hold most dear,
The night, the day, things far and near
The books I read, the sounds I hear,
Are more than what they seem to be—
Voices calling loud to me.

Hark! 'tis a voice that calls to me
Out of the depths of mystery;
It called me in the long ago
In one unceasing overflow
Of deep emotions, surging low
Within my soul. Ah, yes! I know
'Twas strange how voices called to me;
Voices full of mystery.

Hark! 'tis a voice that calls to me
Out of the depths of mystery—
A something never far away,
Yet what it is I cannot say,
I only know I live each day
Dissatisfied; and oh, I pray
That I may know my destiny,
And what these voices mean to me

FRIENDSHIP.

Among earth's joys and treasures vast and great
Bequeathed to mortal man along life's ways,
The greatest, grandest, richest of them all
Are those of friendships formed in other days.

With hallowed hush they steal upon his soul—
Fond memories of faces known of yore;
An unexpected gift at Christmas-tide,
And lo! he dwells amid the past once more.

And thus within his lonely heart there dawns
A firmer trust in God's mysterious ways;
And though his lips by gratitude are sealed,
His inmost soul o'erflows with ceaseless praise.

THE FEAR OF TO-MORROW.

Be still, my soul, be still, be still!

This darksome night will soon be past,
And all thy thoughts of dread and ill
Will nevermore their shadows cast.

Think not of what the morn may bring—

It is not thine to fret and cry,
Like darkest clouds, so everything
Will fade, and leave a clearer sky.

For half our troubles never come,

Although we worry day by day;
Then let us trust, assured that some
Though seeming near, will fade away.

LONELY DAUGHTER.

May I plead, O lonely daughter,
If within your heart of woe
Men have failed to wholly slaughter
All the love of long ago?
Plead because my heart is aching
With a pity more than love—
Plead for those whose hearts are breaking,
And for darling ones above?

I have never spurned you, never—
Only sorrowed for your state;
May I whisper ere we sever:
Mother's love is just as great.
Can you not remember mother—
How she strained you to her breast?
Do you still, my daughter, love her—
Has the world e'er brought such rest?

Tell me daughter, are you weary—
Weary of your life of sin?
Do the days seem long and dreary—
Is there any peace within?
Oh, how fleeting are your pleasures!
Soon they'll vanish from your sight—
Beauty, power, your greatest treasures,
Then your day will turn to night.

LONELY DAUGHTER.

17

There is One who loves you, daughter,
Though you've fallen o'er and o'er.
Like the endless flow of water
He will love you evermore.
See! His hands and feet are bleeding,
And His brow is pierced with thorns;
Do you wonder why He's pleading,
And His heart so sadly mourns?

'Tis because He came from glory
To this world of sin and woe;
In your place, O wondrous story!
He has suffered long ago.
Ah! 'tis Jesus who is pleading,
And He'll never let you go;
He's the very One you're needing—
Let Him all your sorrows know.

He will pardon your transgression,
And forgive your darkest sin;
All He asks is full confession,
Then He'll gladly take you in.
And at last when sin's dark traces
Are forever washed away,
You will see the dear home faces,
And rejoice through endless day.

WHAT IS HIS WORTH?

"Oh, what is his worth, sweet maiden?"

I asked in an anxious tone,

"This one whom you love so dearly—

Come, tell me,—for what is he known?"

The maiden turned in the twilight

As with radiant face she said:

"The one whom I love so dearly,

And whom I some day shall wed,

"Can buy me the things that I long for,

And give me a home of my own;

He is able to keep me in comfort—

His wealth is entirely unknown.

"His figure is manly and handsome,

And dearly he loves me I know;

Oh, I'm sure that with him I'll be happy

Wherever he wants me to go!"

She paused and I waited a moment,

Then slowly and sadly replied,

"And is this all you can tell me

Of the one who would make you his bride?

"Have you never thought of the question

Regarding his standard of life:

Is it clean, is it noble and manly,

Is he worthy to call you his wife?

WHAT IS HIS WORTH?

19

“He demands that you shall be faithful,
For his standard of woman is high,
But unless he's as pure as you are
'Twere better that you should die.

“Have you thought of his daily habits—
Does he take of the fatal glass?
Oh, beware! lest the bride of the present
Be the wife of the drunkard, alas!

“Does he love to study his Bible—
To frequent the house of prayer?
No need to fear the future
If his life is centered there.

“It may be that he loves you at present,
But a day is coming when
The youthful glow of your cheek will fade—
Are you sure he will love you then?

“Oh, tell me, sweet maiden, I pray you,
Come, tell me his worth ere you go.”
She sobbed through the fading twilight:
“I can't, for I do not know.”

THE ONE PRE-REQUISITE.

You speak of her gifts and her talents—
You talk of her "standing" in life,
As though these were the things to consider
When a man would choose him a wife.

You tell me she's gifted in music—
That her voice is as sweet as can be,
And you say that her father has riches,
But does that make her worthy of me?

And then you boast of her beauty,
And tell me she's cultured and learned—
But stop! let me speak for a moment,
And tell you with what I'm concerned.

What do I care for her standing?
Though good enough in its place;
When men merely marry position
Then marriage becomes a disgrace.

A woman possesses one virtue
By which she may win a man's heart—
'Tis love—and a love born of heaven,
'Twill live though all else should depart.

So I ask for the greatest of blessings—
A loving, affectionate wife;
A love that is willing to suffer,
And strengthen my heart in the strife.

THE ONE PRE-REQUISITE.

21

A love that is soothing and gentle
When the work of the day is severe ;
A solace 'mid keen disappointment
That helps me to still persevere.

You may find her afar from the city—
It matters but little to me
So long as the love that I covet
Is all that I ask it to be.

No more of her social attainment !
Though good enough in its place ;
For when men merely marry position,
Then marriage becomes a disgrace.

VOICES OF HOPE.

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

Life is so dark and drear,
Nothing but sorrow here—
Sorrow and pain.

Always the dearest goes,
Why 'tis God only knows;
Life is so full of woes—
Nothing is plain.

Sorrow and pain abound—
Poverty all around,
On every side.

Into a world of woe
Daily we come and go—
O Lord, why is it so
Where men abide?

Shall darkness turn to light,
And streams of glory bright
On us descend—

Chasing the clouds away—
Bringing a better day—
One that shall with us stay,
And never end?

Ah, yes! that day is near
Though life be dark and drear —
Why then repine?

Each heart must bear its share
Whether of ease or care;
Fret not! be strong; and bear
All that is thine!

THE LAST FAREWELL.

23

THE LAST FAREWELL.

I can hear the angel voices—
They are whisp'ring to my soul;
I can hear the sound of music,
And the bells of evening toll.

All around is light and glory
Growing brighter every day,
And with peace my soul is flooded
That shall never pass away.

Oh, I feel the hour approaching
For they say I can't get well,
Hope of life has now departed—
I must with the angels dwell.

Once I thought I might recover
And the pain would pass away,
But the doctors say I'll never
See another Christmas day.

'Twas at first so hard to bear it,
For I felt the throb of life,
And I battled with my spirit
Growing weaker in the strife.

Only three and twenty summers—
Oh, how quickly they have fled!
Will I never see another—
Is it true what they have said?

VOICES OF HOPE.

And must all my dreams of service
Fade like bubbles in the air?
Thus I reasoned—and within me
Only darkness and despair.

But the shadows have departed,
And I feel no terror now,
For His will shall be accomplished
While I in submission bow.

For myself there is no sorrow—
Day by day I long to go;
But my loved ones—God be with them!
Some will feel the parting so.

Most of all my darling mother;
In the dear home far away;
Heaven help her when the darkness
Overshadows all her day!

She will weep when I am taken,
For her love is deep and strong—
Deeper far than any other—
Yet she need not sorrow long.

For she knows how much I love her,
And that in the Morning Land
We shall once more be united,
And shall clasp each other's hand.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

25

Let her know that I remember
All her sacrifice for me,
And that next to God I owe her
All I am or hope to be.

Should another ever whisper—
“Did he leave a word for me?”
Tell her that I'm watching for her
Just beyond the crystal sea.

Should she weep when I am leaving
For my home so bright and fair—
Tell her that I love her dearly,
And will meet her over there.

Long ago she won me to her,
And since that delightful day
When she stole my heart's affection,
She has held the power to sway.

Yet, sometimes, though all unconscious,
I have hurt and chilled her love;
Will you ask her to forgive me
When I go to dwell above?

Tell her not to mourn her lover—
She deserves a better man,
For her life so pure and holy,
Rises higher than he can.

Tell her that my angel spirit,
After I have passed away,
Will be near to soothe and comfort,
Watching o'er her night and day.

And I'll welcome her to Heaven—
Clasp her fondly to my breast—
Kiss the dear, sweet lips so tender—
Fold her in eternal rest.

Oh, I know the hour is coming
For my message seems to glow
With a solemn power and freedom
That but few will ever know.

At the gospel invitation,
Just a Sabbath night ago,
Knelt a number at the altar
That the Saviour they might know.

How my soul was filled with glory
As they gently pressed my hand!
Ah! some day we'll tell the story
In Emmanuel's happy land.

I must hasten, hasten onward
For my Saviour calls me home,
But I'll meet them all up yonder
Where we never more shall roam.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

27

Ah! the way is growing brighter—
Soon I'll see His blessed face,
And in Heaven's grand cathedral
Learn the secret of His grace.

All the sorrow and the weeping,
And the bitter, bitter, tears—
All the sickness and the anguish,
And the worry, doubts and fears—

All the weary nights of darkness,
Burning heat and wintry chill—
All, yea all shall be forgotten
In the land that knows no ill.

All the painful separations
That surround us everywhere,
Shall be gone, yea, gone forever,
For there'll be no partings there.

And when friends and loved ones gather
Till the circle is complete,
It shall never more be broken
Round the blessed Mercy Seat.

So I'm waiting and I'm longing
For the land of fadeless day;
Earth recedes and Heaven opens—
It is glory all the way!

Fade, oh fade, each fond ambition—
Earth can never hold me here,
Since I've caught a glimpse of Heaven
All the world seems cold and drear.

Hush! I see my darling sister—
Look! she's beckoning to me!
"Yes, my sister, wait, I'm coming—
Soon together we shall be."

There! Oh, there! I see the City
Where I never more shall roam—
Hark! I hear the angels singing—
Oh, I'm going, going Home!

REMORSE.

Helpless, powerless in my efforts!
 Weak and weary of my sin!
 Overcome, defeated, conquered
 In the fight I thought to win!

Oh, the miserable failure!
 Oh, the bitterness of life!
 Vanquished, vanquished in the struggle—
 Fallen in the deadly strife!

How I hate it! How I hate it!
 And in horror turn away;
 So repulsive, vile and loathsome—
 Must it ever with me stay?

Oh, how Satan leers upon me!
 Mocks each effort that I make—
 Holds me in his grip so firmly—
 Watches every step I take!

Dare I hope, great God of heaven,
 That there's victory for me?
 Shall I ever rise in freedom
 From the chain of slavery?

I have naught to give or offer
 Save a heart of blackest sin;
 If Thou wilt, O Saviour, cleanse it—
 Make me pure again within.

Canst Thou use a life once broken—
Shattered, worthless and undone?
Oh, then take it, blessed Father,
If 'twill glorify Thy Son!

More unrighteous than the sinner
Who first comes Thy grace to claim!
Thine own child with light and knowledge
Has transgressed and is to blame.

Yet his sin can not be greater
Than Thy power of love divine;
All the undeserving favor
His;—the pard'ning grace is Thine.

HAZEL IN HEAVEN.

Dear little girl, she has gone away—
Gone to a world of endless day,
Leaving behind a vacant chair—
Leaving a void that none may share;
Taking the day and leaving the night—
Sorrowful faces, drawn and white!

Beautiful gem in the Saviour's brow!
Beautiful life she is living now!
Far away from the sounds of strife—
Far away from the cares of life;
There in the City of God she stands
Filling her place in the heavenly lands.

THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS.

INTRODUCTION.

Ah, brother man! beneath that mask you wear
Before the great wide world from day to day,
There lurks your own true self; and so I know
That, seeing I am man as well as you,
And that essentially we are the same,
Within your heart of hearts there lie concealed
The same deep yearnings, longings and desires
I find within my own; therefore I speak.

We view the lives of that great company
Who through the centuries have stood apart,
And towered so high above their fellow-men
That history is careful to record
The great achievements of their brilliant lives—
With something of the spirit that prevailed
Among the hero-worshippers of old.
But, as we study each and seek to find
The motive power that wrought so wondrously
And made them what they were, we note with awe,
That some lived happy lives and others sad,
And that the cry which rose unceasingly,
And sounded from the depths of each great heart—
The cry for happiness and joyous life,
In some was realized, in others, not.

I.

One, deeming happiness impossible
Apart from wealth, made that his highest aim.
His business prospered well, and brought him in
Such large returns that men were wont to ask
The source of all his horde so vast and great.
The management he left to other hands,
And took but little interest in the firm
So long as dividends were paid. In fact,
He scarce could tell from whence his money came.
His home was furnished most luxuriously;
The grounds and driveways, rows of trees and flowers,
And numerous other treasures—all that wealth
Could buy—belonged to him, and him alone.
And yet with all his treasures vast and great
He lived from day to day dissatisfied,
Until at last, unable more to bear
He faced the judgment day, a suicide.

Ah, wretched man! how worthless was his life!
The world had failed, he died unhappily;
He made his wealth the end and not the means;
His life became monotonous, and life
Without a vision is most dangerous.

II.

Another, starting out upon life's way,
Beheld afar the gilded corridors
Of fame. Throughout the day he thought of them,
And late into the night, when all was still,

Built strange, fantastic pictures of the time
When men should do him honor, and applaud.

He started out, a genius from the first,
And day by day, intent upon his quest,
Ambition ever surging in his breast,
A cultured mind, most highly talented.
It came to pass at length that he attained
The fame for which he yearned so ardently.

But when the long, dark night o'ershadowed all,
And hushed the noisy clamor of the day—
Within his study pacing to and fro,
Where none might see the discontented brow,
Nor mark the wistful longing in the eyes—
The sleepless hours beheld him all alone,
And saw at last, when night had far advanced,
His wearied form extended on the couch
In search of that sweet rest he knew of yore.

The world had failed; he lived unhappily.
And would you know the secret, brother man?
He lived for self, forgetful of the debt
He owed to you and me—his fellow-men.

III.

The third of these with goodly heritage,
Intent upon a life of happy bliss,
In visions of the mind looked out upon
The great wide world so full of wondrous things

It ne'er had been his lot to gaze upon,
And thought that life must surely blossom fair
Could he but travel on the boundless deep,
And live a life of pleasure all his days—
And so on pleasure bent he sailed away.

He saw the art, the sculpture of the great,
The treasure-stores of countries far and near;
The wonders of antiquity in lands
Where ancient empires once held powerful sway,
The gilded music halls and famous plays
In theatres renowned throughout the world,
And all that draws the tourist from his home—
These all he viewed, aye, these and vastly more,
Until at last he cried: "There's nothing new!"
And so the years sped on, he saw it all,
And knew the world had nothing more to give.

Then, though he travelled still (he could not rest),
He felt it but a burden; all the joy
Had long since passed away. And so his days
Were filled with discontentment more and more,
For pleasure ceased to satisfy his heart.

Ah, brother man! the secret lieth here:
He had no aim in travel higher than
The pleasure that it gave; and so at length,
It also ceased to be.

IV.

And now the fourth,
With yearnings in his heart like all the rest,
Gazed out upon the mighty wave of life
That ever surged within the city streets,
And saw the pain, the sorrow, and the care,
The homeless homes where thousands lived and died,
And knew the weary throb of aching hearts—
The hungry faces pinched with cold and want,
The Devil's traps prepared to catch the young,
The Magdalenes (Dear God, be merciful!)
And all the great world's sin so dark and sad.
And as he gazed upon the loathsome sight
There came into his heart a mighty love—
A deep compassion he had never known.
And lo! a voice kept crying day and night:
"Go forth! Go forth! and serve thy fellow-men."
And then on bended knee he cried: "O God,
Grant me Thy grace and I shall gladly serve!"

The months and years sped on; he labored still,
And bore his brother's burden with a will,
Rejoicing as he sought his nightly couch
That God had granted him another day
In which to labor for the good of men.

Thus, as the years passed by and he grew old,
There came a deeper peace, a fuller joy
Than he had ever known or thought to have.
And when at last they laid him 'neath the sod,
A hundred thousand lined the city streets,

And gazed through falling tears upon the one
Who gave his life to serve his fellow-men—
The one they loved so well.

Ah, brother man!
He lived, he wrought, and died most happily.
And would you know the secret of it all?
'Tis told by Him who knew the hearts of men,
And who lived out the truth so nobly taught:
That lives are only saved by being lost.

'Twere vain to seek for happiness alone;
Such blessing comes to those who seek it not,
But rather through the sacrifice of self
In love's glad service of one's fellow-men.

CONCLUSION.

But why continue still? 'Tis plain to all
That those who failed had carried on their quest
Among the dazzling splendors of the world,
Forgetting that the wisest of the wise
Had termed it but a life of vanity
And that when centuries had rolled away,
And foolish man had long forgotten all,
There came the Master Mind, who taught again
In language that the lowest might receive,
That ancient truth. And men have yet to learn
That all who drink the water of the world
Shall thirst again; it cannot satisfy.
Since Thou didst make us for Thyself, O God.

Hence, like the troubled sea, we cannot rest,
Until we rest in Thee. So reason came
Who held the world against his parched lips
And drained it to the dregs.

They lived for self,
Their eyes upon the future far ahead
When each ambition should be realized.
Thus, thinking only of the coming years,
The golden opportunities that lay
So near at hand, the present at their doors,
Within their range of vision never came;
And so they lived and died unhappily.
But lo! the fourth, the quest for happiness
Unsought, in service wrought unselfishly,
And found what all the others sought in vain.

SORROW'S BENEDICTION.

Far, far away, amid the quiet stillness
 Sweet strains of music echo on the air
 Or is it just my own imagination
 Borne on the wings of fancied scenes so fair?

Scenes that abound with holy exaltation,
 Filling my soul with rapture wild and free—
 Thrilling my heart with throbs of jubilation—
 Joy unsurpassed, my glorious destiny!

Would I could bring the vision closer, nearer,
 And give to you a glimpse of what is mine—
 Teach you to know that earth's most cruel affliction
 Is not beyond the hand of Love divine.

And that for each lone life a plan is waiting,
 Sketched by the Master Architect above—
 Checkered by joy and sorrow, yet proportioned—
 Far more of joy, the proof that God is love.

Yet sorrow speaks, and in sublime orations,
 Brings to the heart the lessons it would teach—
 Sunshine and rain the little seed requiring—
 So God ordains to man a part of each.

Darkness and gloom beyond my comprehension
 Until I knelt submissive to His will;
 Now all is light, ineffable in brightness—
 O wondrous love, beyond my knowledge still!

SORROW'S CONSOLATION.

Deep shadows fall, the night grows dark and dreary—
Cold breaks the day and all the world is sad;
Under the sky the heavy clouds hang weary,
For Death has torn away the best I had.

I cannot feel, my heart is numb with sorrow,
Nightly my couch is watered with my tears—
When morning dawns I wake, but lo! the morrow
With all its hopes of solace, disappears.

Until at last amid the darkness stealing,
With arm outstretched, the Christ of Galilee
Breaks through the gloom, and lo! with gifts of healing,
Comes to abide through all eternity.

Now, though my eyes at times are dull with weeping
When'er my loss seems more than I can bear;
Yet all is well for He is ever keeping,
And in His love I rest, and trust His care.

SORROW'S COMPENSATION.

We cry, we fret, we murmur and complain
 When'er the cross grows heavy that we bear,
 Forgetful of the fact that aching hearts
 Are merely echoes of His love and care.

For though the heart of Dante sobbed and broke
 When his fair Beatrice passed beyond his sight,
 Yet from its broken depths there came at last
 The Comedy of Life and Endless Night.

We too have tasted of the bitter cup,
 And felt our heart by anguish rent in twain;
 Yet from its shattered wreck immortal songs
 Have brightened other lives and made it plain.

His life was o'er: they laid Him in the tomb,
 And all their hopes were buried by His side;
 To-day He stands supreme. His reign assured—
 And all because He suffered, bled and died.

MOTHER DEAR.

Come and whisper soft and low,
Mother dear.
As you used to long ago:
"Mother's here!"
It will soothe my troubled breast—
It will lull me into rest,
For of all I love you best,
Mother dear.

Oh, how long it seems to-night,
Mother dear,
Since I saw your face so bright,
Hover near!
But I know I love you more
While the years are passing o'er
Than I ever have before,
Mother dear.

How I fancy o'er and o'er,
Mother dear,
All the happy days of yore
With you near!
How you murmured soft and low
As you kissed my cheek aglow:
"Precious child, I love you so!"
Mother dear.

I am lonely and I'm sad,
Mother dear;
You alone can make me glad—
Oh, be near!
For the world is cold and drear;
Sin and sorrow both are here,
And I long to feel you near,
Mother dear.

I have sought to shun the sin,
Mother dear;
I have tried the fight to win,
Filled with fear;
And, O mother mine, I know
Under God to you I owe
All I am or hope to grow
Year by year!

So my grateful heart shall beat,
Mother dear,
With a love though incomplete,
Ever here;
And, though far away to-night,
Yet our spirits in their flight
Still may mingle love and light,
Mother dear.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

From the deep black of sorrow's lonely night—
From the wierd depths that mingle dark with light—
Where the wild storms of Nature rage and sway,
Caught 'neath the powers that ever o'er them play—
In the heart-throne devoid of peace and rest;
Far, far away, forsaken and distress'd—
From the parched lips to yonder clouded sky,
Bursts on the night in one wild shriek, the cry:
"Great God, I've sinned! I've sinned!—there is no
light;
The shadows hover round, and all is night."

And I *have* sinned; excuse I cannot give;
Tho fault is mine—why should I longer live?
For lo! temptation came and laid me low—
Yea, came and went, and going, left its woe.
And yet I knew, knew all the time 'twas sin
And that I should have sought the fight to win—
Though fight I did, but after 'twas too late,
Believing I could stop what e'er my fate.
And so, unmindful of the Tempter's power,
I dallied with the pleasure of the hour,
Until, with crushing force he drove me on,
And lo! behold! I sinned, and he had gone.

With fierce remorse, my heart all scarred and
torn,
And Conscience striking blow on blow, forlorn

I made my way cressfallen to my door,
And in my room fell down my God before.
And all that day upon my face I lay,
Beseeching Him to wash my sin away—
To pardon and forgive, to make me white,
And cleanse me in the Saviour's blood that night.
For lo! 'twas night with me; I saw no day;
My heart was in a turmoil as I lay.
I suffered, yea, I suffered agony,
And seemed as one unable to get free.
And thus I came to know from all the past
That sin could yield no pleasure that would last.
A moment only, then through years to take
The sting that ever follows in its wake.

But as I prayed there came a shock so great
It left me trembling at my awful fate;
For all at once I knew I loved my sin,
And now what hope had I the fight to win?
Ah, bitter thought! how dare I face the light?
My heart was torn with anguish and affright.
To think that I, I who had hated sin,
Should find it springing from my heart within!
Ah! wretched and unhappy man! Great God,
Whatever shall I do? Where have I trod?
What have I done that such should come to be?
My heart doth call for more; 'tis sweet to me.
How can I turn away from that I crave?
O God, I'm lost! I'm lost! and naught can save.

For hours I lay o'ercome by mortal grief,
Amid a horror, finding no relief.
My will had long since gone, and I was left
Like one of every reas'ning power bereft.
The Tempter crouched beside me as I lay;
I had not strength to bid him go away.
The night drew on, for lo! the day had fled,
And yet I knew it not; I lay as dead.
Until, when hours and hours had passed away—
Long, dreary hours that coupled night with day,
There seemed to be an arm stretched out to me—
A Presence that I felt, but could not see.
I found my heart or e'er my lips had moved,
Repeating o'er a name I oft had proved;
"Jesus! Jesus!" too weak to utter more—
"Jesus! Jesús!" 'twas all I could implore.
A thousand times I seemed to murmur low
The precious name of Him who loved me so:
I grew a little stronger as I plead,
And lo! at last, I wakened from the dead.

Yet, oh how weak for two full days and more!
While all my heart with love kept running o'er.
I sought to hear the story of His grace—
To see the smile upon my Saviour's face.
But when they preached of judgment, sin, and law,
I hurried off; 'twas not the God I saw.
And on the morrow, filled with love, I pled,
And to the Saviour's side a sinner led—
A sign that He had pardoned even me.
And lo! there came a power and energy

I ne'er had known before. The thought of sin
Grew less and less, the crying died within;
I rose a conqueror, and from that day
Was conscious of a Power that e'er held sway.
To think that I but three short days gone by,
So sinful, weak, and vile, that even I
Should have such strength and grace from God above
That hate for sin should reign instead of love.

To Him alone be praises evermore,
For I had failed had He not triumphed o'er
The sin that held me in its mighty power,
And given victory. And may no hour
Of fierce temptation lay me low again
Since He my Lord and King doth ever reign!
Oh, wondrous grace! Oh, matchless love unknown!
Thrice blessed Lord! Great King of Heaven's throne!

TWO YEARS AGO.

Two years ago! And can it be so long?
How fast the time doth fly! how quickly pass!
Yes, two full years. And yet I seem to see
As though 'twere yesterday, the wondrous scene
Within our little church that Sabbath day.

You struggled long; ah yes! and fought Him sore,
For Satan fain would have you for himself—
But God willed otherwise. And so at last
You bowed your head and knelt in agony—
Your bosom torn and bleeding, and your heart
One bitter scene of anguish unrestrained.
Until you said: "Yea, Lord!" and bid Him come
To dwell forever more within your breast.

And then the flood of pent-up tears burst forth;
And long you wept as ne'er you had before.
But peace and joy comparable to naught
Save Heaven here on earth and in your heart,
Began to throb in speechless ecstasy
Within your wounded soul, and you were His.
The things of earth had faded from your sight—
Its pleasures no more dazzled as of yore—
You cared no longer for its fleeting joys—
A great new world was yours, and Christ Himself
Became the radiant Centre of your life.

Temptation sore beset on every side.
The old time friends but laughed in mockery,
And said 't would pass away. They did not know
How deep had been the work of grace, nor yet
The nature of a soul but newly born.
For now two years have passed, and still you stand
As when He came at first to dwell within.
And he who should have known and trusted more
Brought saddest days of all across your path,
And doubted when you spoke most truthfully.
Ah, God forgive! himself, he never can.

Two years ago? Ah yes! but time goes on,
And life still lies before. Be strong and true,
And make the best of what God hath bestowed.
A few short years are yours: 'tis morning still,
Although you near the noon. And oh, how fast
The night will come and darkness cover all!
Ah, no! not that, for day will follow night,
And you shall dwell beyond the things of time,
Forever safe within the mansions fair,
From sorrow, sin and death, from pain set free;
To gaze upon the face of Christ and hear
Him say: "Well done! come, enter Heaven's joy."

Then work and serve until His call shall come—
Make good while life still lasts, 'twill not be long.
And know that in the world of endless bliss—
Ah, blessed home!—we'll meet, and talk again
Upon the shores of yonder crystal stream,
Of these two years that now have passed and gone.

THE CHOICE.

“Choose upon the higher plane
If thou wouldst not choose in vain.”
Thus the Spirit spake and said
As I slumbered on my bed;
And I choose the higher plane—
Found the choice was not in vain.

Shall I yield or shall I not—
Is it “like” or is it “ought”?
Waged the battle fierce and long
Twixt the Right and twixt the Wrong—
Is it “like” or is it “ought”?
Conscience pleading “better not.”

Did she know what she would do
In her efforts to be true,
Could she then have acted so
With the certainty of woe?
“Never! It could never be,”
Spake the Spirit earnestly.

Shall I sin or shall I not?
There is pleasure in the thought.
“Yield! Aye, yield! and take thy fill,
Drink of pleasure’s cup at will;
What though Death should lurk below?
Drain the cup, forget thy woe!”

There is pleasure, there is pain,
And 'twill surely come again;
For a moment, for an hour,
Yielding to the tempter's power,
Then! ah, then!—a year, a life,
Conscience cutting like a knife.

“Choose upon the higher plane
If thou wouldst not choose in vain.”
Thus the Spirit spake and said
As I slumbered on my bed;
And I choose the higher plane—
Found the choice was not in vain.

MY LADDIE.

Forth to the war he went away,

My laddie so brave and true;

And sad was the song of my heart that day

The saddest I ever knew,

For the clouds hung low in my darkened sky

As I turned away with a stifled sigh.

Across the sea and far away

To the blood-stained fields of France

I followed my laddie in mind that day,

And I lived as in a trance;

For I knew that out to the dim "somewhere"

He had gone for me and his country fair.

Back from the war he came to-day,

My laddie so brave and true;

And glad is the song of my heart this day,

The gladdest I ever knew,

For the sun shines bright in my cloudless sky,

And I live for him who for me would die.

THEY ARE WINNING.

They are winning! They are winning!
 Hear the message, pass it on,
 For they pierced the German trenches
 At the breaking of the dawn.
 And they're holding, bravely holding
 Every foot by battle won;
 And we glory in their triumph—
 In the work that they have done.

They are winning! They are winning!
 Let it echo far and wide.
 They have checked the foe's advances,
 For they fought him side by side.
 Many months within the trenches
 All along the battle line,
 They have waited for the moment—
 For the long-expected sign.

They were winning! They were winning!
 Though they lay in wet and cold!
 While at home we bore the torture,
 Praying for our laddies bold;
 For we knew the end depended
 On their patience day by day,
 Till the stores of war were ready
 To advance amid the fray.

They are winning! They are winning!

France shall once again be free,

Though the fierce and cruel aggressor

Sought her doom and slavery,

They are winning, and the tidings

Echo o'er the land afar,

For we yearn for peace and freedom

Even at the cost of war.

THE AGGRESSOR.

When they plunged the world in chaos, turned the
rivers into blood,

Tore away the mask of piety and peace;
Smashed to atoms law and custom, broke their treaties
one by one,

And refused the offers that could bring release;
Called it but a "scrap of paper" with the right to
break or keep—

It was then they found the nations fast asleep.

While they stored their ammunition up for forty years
or more,

Built their Zeppelins to battle in the air;
Kept their navy at its greatest, making others do the
same,

And refused to deal with nations square and fair;
Taught their youth the war-like spirit, filled their
schools with battle lore—

Still they found the nations sleeping as before.

As they swept across the country, poured their forces
into France,

Bathed the hills of Belgium in a bloody gore;
Held at bay the mighty Russian, showed no mercy to
the Serb

Saw the spires of Paris looming up before—
It was then they found the nations that had fallen fast
asleep

Swiftly waking from their slumbers long and deep.

For the great and mighty Russian intervened to save
the Serb,

While the Frenchman and the Belgian fought for
home;

But the countries that had slumbered met the tyrant
unprepared,

For they sank beneath the seething of the foam;
And the silent island Watcher, now awakened from
her sleep,

Sought in vain, to stem the current of the deep.

So they devastated Belgium, working ruin where they
went.

Left the women with their sorrow and their shame;
And they conquered little Poland, took a part of Rus-
sia too.

Laying waste the fields of Servia the same;
Not a country that was ready, not an army fit to fight,
For they found the nations sleeping in the night.

But behold at last awakened all the peoples great and
small,

Ammunition, guns and men in plenty store,
For the fierce and cruel Aggressor shall be driven
back again—

He must overrun the nations never more;
And the military spirit with its creed of "might is
right,"

Shall be broken ere they end the bitter fight.

THE SUNSET.

Great, mighty monarchs of the distant West
That raise their lofty peaks to heaven's crest,
And in majestic splendor stand alone
In one unbroken mass of rock and stone;
Their snow-clad peaks now gleaming in the sun,
Now lost amid the cloud that hangs like one
Of God's great blankets of protecting care,
Then lifts, and lo! again the brilliant glare
Of sparkling snow on mountains far and near
Beneath the glittering sun so bright and clear—
Proclaim that some great Mind must overrule,
And he who sees it not is but a fool.

'Twas even-tide, and all the world was still—
The ocean calm and clear with every hill
And mountain mirrored in its depths below,
Portrayed each lonely peak of rock and snow.
While all upon the mountain side the clouds,
In massive rolls of red like evening shrouds,
Appeared like some grand picture from above
That God, so great and infinite in love,
Had for a few brief moments here revealed,
And then again in wisdom had concealed
Lest man should count it common, and no more
Be lifted up his Maker to adore.

For long I gazed enraptured at the sight
That closed the day and ushered in the night;

I seemed to leave the cold, dark world behind,
And soar afar in regions of the mind,
Forgetful of the weary pain and care,
And thinking only of the picture there.
I pierced by faith the darkened veil between
And viewed in ecstasy the great Unseen.
Lost, lost to all the things that men count dear,
And naught save God's majestic presence near,
I cried in secret contemplation as I gazed,
And in devoutest adoration: "God be praised!"

LONELY.

Lonely! lonely! lonely!

In the heart of the mighty hills,
And I sigh for the dear, home-faces,
And fancy a thousand ills.

A dog! a friend! a loved one!

Or anything that has life—
But I wait in vain for an answer,
And alone I face the strife.

The work, the care, the struggle—

I greet it with thankful heart;
But to be alone in the mountains—
This is the hardest part.

Lonely! lonely! lonely!

In the light of the waning moon
Dear God in Heaven, have mercy,
And send a friend to me soon!

TWILIGHT.

Though the day be long and dreary
I am never, never weary
When the evening shadows fall,
And the twilight covers all.

Dear, sweet twilight of the evening,
Coming like a balm and leaving
Wondrous peace within my breast—
Lulling every nerve to rest.

O'er the valleys and the hills—
O'er the rivers and the rills;
On Grey's Knob at close of day
Does the gentle twilight play.

Bathed in misty gloom below,
Indistinct, and yet aglow,
Is its ragged ridge with light,
Where it meets the sky so bright.

Here alone I gaze around me
On the mountains that surround me—
Loving each lone peak so well—
More than words of mine can tell.

And 'mid all the shadows falling,
Through the twilight gentle calling—
Comes a voice within my soul
That proclaims divine control.

Through the magic grandeur stealing—
Through the twilight comes a feeling,
That the heavenly land so fair
Lies just yonder, over there.

Thus, in secret contemplation,
And devoutest adoration
Would I worship God above
For the twilight of His love.

ALONE!

Hark! hark! what noise is that I hear?
I tremble with affright and fear;
'Tis but a mouse upon the floor—
A harmless mouse, and nothing more.

Oh, hush! I hear a footstep near!
I listen, start, and shake with fear;
'Tis but the horse upon the grass—
I see him by the window pass.

I sleep, I wake, what can it be
That so disturbs and startles me?
A something vague—I cannot tell—
And yet I know that all is well.

No noise except the cricket's song
Awakes the night so weird and long,
I lie awake alone, alone,
Amid a solitude unknown.

The dear home faces come and go—
The loved ones that I used to know—
The memory of mother's love—
The face of one in realms above.

And then, (O heaven help me still!
I thought it might have been His will)
I bow my head to meet the thought
Of one who loved—then loved me not.

SPRING.

Spring! Spring! glorious Spring!
 Merrily, happily, joyfully sing—
 Gladdest season of all the year;
 Full of life and hope and cheer;
 Oh, come, ye people! arise and sing,
 For this is Spring, glorious Spring!

Spring! Spring! triumphant Spring!
 Ye sad and sorrowful spirits wing
 To flights of new born hope and life
 For Spring is far too short for strife;
 Then come, ye people, let troubles go—
 And let them be as the winter's snow.

Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!
 The flowers awake, the echoes ring;
 The song birds warble from tree to tree,
 And build their nests in happy glee;
 For all of nature is one wild song
 Gushing forth the whole day long.

WINONA LAKE.

Still and quiet, calm and bright!
Moonbeams lighting up the night,
Sweet and mellow, beauty streaming
O'er the waters darkly gleaming.

'Mid the heavens far away,
Angel eyes at close of day,
Stars arising, brightly shining—
Fleecy clouds with silver lining.

Dark and silent looms the shore
Where the waters ripple o'er—
Indistinct with shadows blending—
Like a circuit, never ending.

Lake Winona! bend the oar—
Forward to the other shore!
Build a fire, a meal providing,
'Mid the shadows swiftly gliding.

In a circle round the flame
Gather softly all who came,
Story telling, lying reading,
Voices mellow, wooing, pleading.

Faces glisten in the glow,
Bringing out the thoughts below;
Eyelids quiver, thus revealing
Deepest depths of human feeling.

Shadows darken, all is peace—
Calm and quiet; sweet release,
Books forsaken, reading ended,
Mellow voices now are blended.

How they thrill us! songs of yore,
As we sing them o'er and o'er;
Precious treasures, home and mother,
God and Heaven, love and lover.

And the waters bare them on
Where the souls of men have gone—
Ever on like music falling;
Inner voices calling, calling.

Till in tones subdued and low,
Of the One Who loves us so,
Reverently we speak, and speaking,
Find our hearts His blessing seeking.

Hush! His presence, oh, how near!
Not a tremor, not a fear,
Closer, closer ever stealing
To the One Who bringeth healing.

Stars of heaven, moonlight bright,
Shadows, landscape, water, night—
All, yea, all, in matchless story
Silently proclaim His glory.

Still and quiet, calm and bright,
Moonbeams lighting up the night,
Angel eyes through starlight beaming,
Water sparkling, dancing, gleaming.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

The light has long since gone, and all is still;
The evening shadows fall on vale and hill—
Among the trees the flickering twilight plays,
And all of life a peaceful night portrays.

The darkness comes, and lo! the stars appear—
The moonbeams glimmer softly, bright and clear,
And strolling on with measured steps and slow
A tangled maze of visions come and go.

'Tis Nature's way, and well she knows her power
O'er human hearts when late has grown the hour,
For lo! at last, from out the tangled maze
There grows the vivid scenes of bygone days!

We tripped along amid the sunshine bright—
But oh, how long ago it seems to-night!
And with our arms all laden down with flowers,
Returned at length to brighten lonely hours.

The hours passed by, we sat alone and read,
And then upon the grass our luncheon spread,
And gazed aloft upon the aerial flight,
Forgetful of the gath'ring shades of night.

The study hours—how precious every one!
The days of work and toil for others done—
And Oh, how willingly the task was wrought,
The heavy burden borne, the battle fought!

And then one day, since bodies all must rest,
For so hath God ordained and He knows best,
Upon the shore, the city far away,
We camped amid the heart of Nature's sway.

And once again I see the moonbeams stream—
The water sparkle and the watchfires gleam,
And far away there comes a murmur low,
The murmur of a voice I used to know.

I cannot tell,—I would it might have been!
'Tis so obscure, and naught may be foreseen;
We can but wait, and waiting, trust Him more—
His will, not ours—for this we must implore.

And when unmindful of the cross, we go
To dwell on high beyond this world of woe,
Though parted here, yet evermore at last
Our hearts shall blend in love, the waiting past.

THE CALL OF THE ORIENT.

Send us the choice of your nation—
Give us your strongest, your best,
Men with a wide education,
The cream of your glorious West;
The cultured and trained of your college
Athirst with an ardent desire
For the highest attainment of knowledge
That man has the power to acquire.

Send us your men with less learning,
Though they have not a "degree,"
Men who for service are yearning,
And longing His kingdom to see;
For scholarly minds we are pleading,
Though few will respond to the call,
But more of the others are heeding,
And the Spirit is working through all.

Send us above any other
The man who can love the oppressed,
Our language so hard for another
Will hamper the strongest and best;
But language of love though unspoken,
Will be understood by us all—
Thus, from hearts that are weary and broken
For men who can love comes the call.

THE VISION.

From afar there came a vision
Of the life that thousands lead—
Weary hands outstretched, entreating.
Though unconscious of their need.

And I saw that all my efforts
Were for those about my home,
For I thought not of the millions
Who in utter darkness roam.

Oh, that you might see the vision
As I saw it long ago—
Hear the groans and feel the sorrow—
Know the depths of human woe!

Hear the cry of India's millions
Famine stricken, faint and weak—
Brahman, Outcaste calling, calling.
For the Light they vainly seek.

Gaze upon a scene of horror
Till you shudder at the sight;
Yet, 'tis only one of thousands
In this land of endless night.

One of India's little maidens
Undeserving of the blame—
Oh, the cruel, inhuman torture!
Only twelve when baby came.

Anxiously the doctor watches
Through a mist of falling tears,
Tries to ease the little mother
As the gate of death she nears.

Here another little maiden
Married to a temple god;
Though she is but only five
Better were she 'neath the sod.

Thousands like her in the temples
Doomed to lives of lowest shame,
Yet, 'tis sanctioned by religion—
Practices too foul to name.

Then there broke upon my vision
Sight of one once free from care,
Now a widow in her childhood,
Stripped of every jewèl fair.

Robbed of all her lovely clothing—
Left with garments coarse and plain;
Long, dark hair, her pride and glory,
Severed from her in disdain.

Ostracised from every pleasure—
Given but one meal a day—
Doomed to bitter persecution—
Shame or death, her only way.

Do you wonder why I'm going—
Do you ask we why I write?
'Tis because so many millions
Suffer thus in darkest night.

And I plead, O sister, brother—
Praying God may speak to you,
And that you may gladly labor
Where His laborers are few.

THE MISSIONARY.

They go at the call of their country—
By thousands they hasten away,
Until, from a sorrowing nation,
Have answered the call of the fray
The choicest and best of our heroes,
To fight, and if need be, to die,
In freeing the yoke of oppression,
And heeding the voice from on high.

But yours is a nobler mission—
A grander than all the rest;
You go to the tired and the weary,
The lonely, the weak and oppressed;
And lo! with your heart overflowing
You gather them back to the fold,
And bring them a hope in their darkness—
A love that can never be told.

The others—'tis death and destruction;
With you it is pardon and life;
For them it is sighing and sorrow—
With you it is grace for the strife.
For there where the burdens are greatest,
And life is so heavy to bear,
You go with your love and compassion,
The sorrows of others to share.

They go to the glory of battle,
O'erladen with honor and fame,
But you in a truer devotion
Go forth with a nobler aim;
Though few will e'er know of your mission,
And many will call you insane,
Yet go, caring not for their mockings—
Earth's honors you well may disdain.

You, too, shall be parted from loved ones,
Perchance to rejoin them no more
Till earth shall release them, and Heav'n
Swing open Eternity's door,
And oft in the land of your choosing
When night has o'ershadowed your soul,
Shall over your spirit unbroken,
The hunger of loneliness roll.

Ah! noble, heroic, unselfish,
Sent forth by a voice from above!
Unfettered by worldly ambition—
Inspired by an infinite love;
And bearing the news of salvation
To hearts that are burdened with sin,
You answer the call of the Master,
And hasten to gather them in.

THE CRY OF A BROKEN HEART.

Mercy! Mercy! God of Mercy!
Canst Thou wash away my sin?
Though I've grieved Thy Holy spirit—
Canst Thou cleanse my heart within?
Sin's appalling!
Tears are falling.
For I've failed the fight to win.

Deep, unfathomable love!
How it thrills me through and through
And to think that I should grieve
Love so tender and so true!
Sin's appalling!
Tears are falling.
As Thy wondrous love I view.

Lo! I come in deep contrition,
Weeping at Thy love divine,
Knowing Thou dost freely pardon
Sin though terrible as mine!
Love is calling!
Tears are falling—
Lord, I'll evermore be Thine.

GOD IS NEAR.

'Mid the darkest scenes of life
 God is near!
 In the turmoil and the strife
 God is near!
 When the angry waves roll high—
 And the clouds obscure the sky,
 Through the storm there comes a cry:
 God is near!

Though the dearest friend depart
 God is near!
 He can heal the broken heart—
 God is near!
 Do the tears fall thick and fast
 As you ponder o'er the past?
 There is One whose love will last —
 God is near!

In the midst of deepest grief
 God is near!
 He alone can bring relief—
 God is near!
 When the hand of Death so cold
 Snatches loved ones from the fold,
 And you suffer grief untold,
 God is near!

Go and tell it far and wide:
God is near!
Dry the tears on every side;
God is near!
Take it to the darkest soul,
Let the tidings onward roll;
It will comfort and console—
God is near!

IMMORTAL SOUL.

O great immortal soul of mortal man,
God breathed! ordained to deathless destiny—
Thou, through the ages of Eternity,
Must still live on.

Great minds of philosophical renown
Have fought thy claim to immortality—
Have tried to prove that such could never be,
But all in vain.

God's Word proclaims thy right to endless life,
And proves that death is foreign to thy state;
Let skeptics doubt and men annihilate—
'Twill not avail.

Some day, 'tis true, thy sojourn here will cease—
This tiny thread of life be snapped in twain,
But thou, O Soul, wilt still alive remain—
Thou canst not die.

If thou, my Soul, like animals couldst die,
What hope could I enjoy? why was I born?
I know there'll be a resurrection morn,
And thou shalt live.

Two destinies are thine, immortal Soul,
But one is endless woe, the other, peace;
The choice is thine, and life will never cease—
Which wilt thou choose?

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Honor the mighty great,
His work commemorate!
In every land and state
Tribute provide;
Monarchs and kings of fame—
Statesmen and poets claim
Privilege to praise his name
On every side.

Left he afar his own—
Crossed o'er the great Unknown—
Lived there and died alone—
Worthy his name!
Suffered in body sore.
Suffered in spirit more—
Africa's burden bore
Heedless of fame.

Oh, may we follow thee,
Till from dark slavery
Jesus has made them free
On Afric's sod!
Through all Eternity
Sweet may Thy portion be,
While angels honor thee—
Servant of God!

SHINE ON, O STAR.

Shine on, O Star, shine on, shine on!
And let Thy radiant glory dawn
Upon the nations one and all,
That they may follow at Thy call.

Shine on, O Star, from zone to zone,
Until the hearts of men shall own
Thy sovereign power from sea to sea—
Thy right to reign eternally.

Shine on, O Star, until Thy rays
Have pierced our greedy, selfish ways—
Till truer men and better laws
Have marshalled in a higher cause.

Shine on, O Star, till social wrongs
Shall be redeemed, and brighter songs
Shall rise from hearts now sore oppressed.
And find in Thee eternal rest.

Shine on, O Star, and speed the day
When all the world shall own Thy sway—
When Thou shalt reign in every clime,
In power and majesty sublime.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

The way is dark; we cannot see,
Nor can be understand—
Yet we believe our destiny
Is safe within Thy hand.

We cannot know; our eyes are veiled;
The future is obscure,
But Thy great plan has never failed—
Thy love is ever sure.

We thought her almost in the fold—
Our little Indian maid,
Our hearts were filled with joy untold—
We knew not traps were laid.

For like a phantom of the night
That comes and goes at will,
She disappeared at morning light
And left us sad and still.

Ah yes, dear Lord! we follow Thee.
For Thou hast gone before;
The bitter cup our portion be
Since Thou didst suffer more.

O Jesus Lord, we hear Thee groan
And see the hot tears fall:
"Jerusalem, if thou hadst known—"
Dear Saviour, help us all!

"If any man would follow Me,
Then let him take his cross—
If he would my disciple be
Count other things but loss."

We suffer with Thee here below
Where heathen darkness reigns,
While Satan strives to overthrow
What courage still remains.

But through it all a ray of light—
The hope of Thy return—
Illuminates the darkest night;
For this our spirits yearn.

Then dry the fountain of our tears,
And calm our troubled hearts,
Until our blessed Lord appears
And weariness departs.

HIS LOVE.

Loved ones may go, and all I prize most dear—
Life lose its charm and sorrow linger near,
Yet there is One whose love will still abide,
Through cloud or sunshine, whatso'er betide.

Ah, yes, His love can fully satisfy,
And for sweet tokens I need never sigh—
For day by day He gives me comfort sweet,
Feeding me on the finest of the wheat.

Sorrow but drives me closer to His side—
His love remains, His heart is open wide;
Sadly I bow and tell Him all my grief,
For only He has power to give relief.

Dear God, the way is dark, I cannot see,
But still I feel that Thou art leading me;
'Mid deepest gloom as in the morning light,
Trusting in Thee I know 'twill all be right.

Thus Lord, I turn my bleeding heart to Thee,
Asking that Thou wouldst shed Thy love on me—
Praying for grace to rise on angel wings
Far, far above the love of earthly things.

JESUS CARES.

When your heart is faint and drear
 Jesus cares!
There is hope and comfort near—
 Jesus cares!
Though the bitter, bitter tears
And the weary, weary years
Fail to drive away your fears—
 Jesus cares!

Are you often sore oppress'd?
 Jesus cares!
And He longs to give you rest
 For He cares,
Though by chains of sorrow bound
And in darkness all around,
Soon a brighter note will sound—
 Jesus cares!

Are you in suspense and fear?
 Jesus cares!
All your dread will disappear—
 Jesus cares!
Does the one you love so well
Hurt you more than words can tell?
He will all your anguish quell,
 For He cares.

VOICES OF HOPE.

More than any earthly friend
 Jesus cares!
And His love will never end
 For He cares.
Oh, how precious just to know
As along life's path you go;
There is One who loves you so—
 One Who cares!

UNFATHOMABLE LOVE.

Unfathomable Love that will not fail!

With broken heart I turn at last to Thee,
And pray Thee bid these tears of sorrow cease
For Thou art more than all the world to me.

Oh, speak to me, dear Lord, in accents low,
And draw me closer to Thy heart of love
That in communion I may find sweet peace,
Until at last I dwell with Thee above.

The way is dark, I cannot understand—
But still I trust Thy love, O Saviour mine;
The fire is but to cleanse and purify,
So I submit to every trial of Thine.

And though my night of weeping tarry long,
Thy Word is sure Thy promise cannot fail;
The morn will dawn and bring eternal joy—
Dear Lord, in Thine own time remove the veil.

VOICES OF HOPE.

PROVIDENCE.

Dear Lord, I feel that something more
Thou hast in store for me,
Than I have ever known before
Or thought to have from Thee;
But sin of mine
O Lord, divine,
Has kept Thy gift from me.

Yet Thou hadst still another way
To break my stubborn will,
Although I would not own Thy sway,
Nor let Thee wholly fill
My worldly life,
And calm the strife
'Twixt righteousness and ill.

And now my heart is bleeding sore,
For Thou hast torn away
The one whose love to me was more
Than any other stay;
So Thou wouldst fain
Through bitter pain,
Bend me to Thine own way.

Dear Saviour, let me never miss
The lesson Thou wouldst teach,
Nor waste my life and loose the bliss
That lies within my reach;
But at Thy call
Yield up my all,
As Thou dost now beseech.

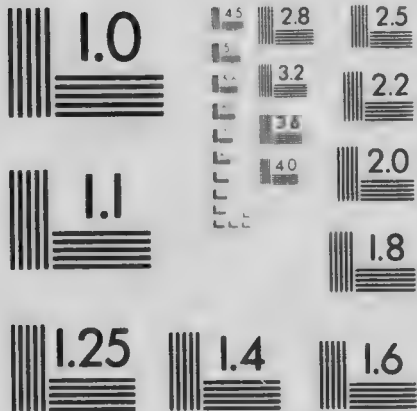
HEAVEN'S INCENTIVE.

'Tis when I think of all that Heaven holds—
The wondrous joy that God to man unfolds—
The life of perfect bliss apart from pain—
The land where death and sickness never reign—
The home of many mansions bright and fair—
The life that feels no sorrow, knows no care ;
Where tears are wiped from every weeping eye—
Where immortality shall never die ;
And where the sun's hot rays shall shine no more—
The blasts of winter be forever o'er ;
Our dearest friends shall never from us part,
And love alone shall rule in every heart ;
We nevermore shall know a lonely night
For night shall pass away 'mid Heaven's light ;
The tired, the weary, wayworn feet shall rest—
The lame, the halt, shall be forever blest—
The blind shall once again receive their sight,
And all the wrongs of earth shall be made right ;
There with our Saviour we shall ever be
Throughout the ages of Eternity ;
And when we've been with Him a million years
(No more to dwell amid this vale of tears)
We'll have, O wondrous thought ! no less to live,
For Everlasting Life is His to give—
'Tis when on scenes like this I dwell in thought,
(And know that I am saved, but some are not)
With pleading voice and yearning heart I go
That Jesus Christ the world may come to know—
That through His wondrous death upon the cross
They might not suffer such tremendous loss,
But share in all that Heaven holds for me—
And dwell with Him throughout Eternity.



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THE EXALTED CHRIST.

O Christ, what matchless beauty crowns Thy brow!
And what majestic splendor is Thine own!
Once lowly man, though God and man, but now,
Exalted Lord and King of Heaven's throne.

O Christ, how marvelous Thy grace to man!
And how compassionate Thy heart of love
That wrought so willingly salvation's plan,
And brought Thee from Thy home in Heav'n above!

O Christ, Thou stoodest at the judgment bar,
And wast condemned to death upon the tree;
But now, of all the nations near and far,
The dead, the living, Thou the Judge shalt be.

To Thee, O Christ, be glory evermore,
And may each heart enthrone Thee as its King!
Let men and angels bow and Thee adore,
And through Eternity Thy praises sing.

BY GALILEE.

Still and quiet, calm and bright!
Moonbeams lighting up the night;
Hills and valleys far and near—
Starry sprinkled hemisphere!

Breaking waves on Galilee!
Hush! we near the sacred sea,
Ever moaning, nearer, nearer—
Growing brighter, darker, clearer.

Softly! softly! who is walking
In the night, and strangely talking?
Listen! ah, how mournfully!
"I go fishing." "So do we."

Disappointed, sad and weary,
Heads are lowered,—dark and dreary;
Not another word is spoken—
Tramping, tramping—hearts are broken.

Dawn is breaking, night departing;
Far away the day is starting—
Dimly rising, drawing nearer
Boat and boatmen, growing clearer.

Lo! behold a Figure standing
By the waters on the landing;
Fishers tremble: "Man or spirit?"
This the question as they near It.

Like a lamb's pathetic bleat—
"Children, have ye any meat?"
Strange alarm the question causes—
Someone answers, "No!" and pauses.

Then the Figure on the landing
In a solemn voice commanding—
"Cast the net" (the voice was kind)
"On the other side, and find."

With a mystic power invested
Came the words, replys arrested;
Carried out the stranger's wishes,
And the net was filled with fishes.

Not a whisper, faces whit'ning,
Dread and terror—one is bright'ning:
"'Tis the Lord!" and Peter, hearing,
Swims the waters nothing fearing.

Silence, silence, save the sobbing
Of the water, and the throbbing
Of the hearts, though happy, fearing;
Darkness fleeing, day appearing.

"Come and dine!" the silence broken
Scarce another word is spoken
Till the wondrous meal is ended—
Clouds and vapor now are blended.

"Dost thou love me?" With emotion
Comes the answer of devotion:
"Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!"
"Feed My sheep." He answered softly.

"Peter, Peter, dost thou love Me
More than these and all around thee?"
"Lord, Thou knowest naught can sever,
And that I am Thine forever."

Silence reigning, moments fleeting,
Then the heart of love entreating:
"Peter, do you love Me?" "Master!"
And the breath comes thicker, faster.

"Master! Master!" sobbing, sobbing—
"Oh, Thou knowest!" throbbing, throbbing;
Sways the great frame with emotion,
Bound to Christ by love's devotion.

ALONE WITH THEE.

Alone with Thee, O blessed, blissful moment !
When earth recedes and Thou art all my plea—
I hear, dear Lord, amid the quiet stillness,
Thy gentle voice while all alone with Thee.

Alone with Thee 'mid all earth's toil and labor—
It matters not whate'er my destiny ;
Though all around is bustle, strife and worry,
Yet still, dear Lord, I walk alone with Thee.

Alone with Thee when others have forsaken,
And naught is left save solitude to me,
My weary heart turns throbbing with emotion
To find itself at last alone with Thee.

Alone with Thee beyond the vale of sorrow,
When Heaven dawns and all earth's shadows flee—
Oh come, dear Lord, for I am waiting longing,
To dwell forevermore alone with Thee.

THE AGONY OF GETHSEMANE.

Why did Jesus suffer so
In the garden long ago?
Was it at the thought of pain—
Does the cross alone explain?
“No!” a thousand voices cry,
That was not the reason why;
Hundreds perish, not a quail—
Why should then the Saviour fail?

Through the filth and mire of sin
He must tread, the world to win,
And His nature clean and pure,
Such a thought could scarce endure;
'Tis as when a child is seen
Standing in a pool unclean,
And the father, with disgust,
Shrinks to enter till he must.

So the Saviour, horrified,
By the foulness at His side,
Ere He enters, back recoils,
From the sin that blights and spoils,
“Is there not another plan
For the guilt of fallen man?”
And the Father answers, “Nay!
There can be no other way.”

Then the struggle ceased to be,
Came a great tranquility ;
Bravely through the mire He trod—
Jesus Christ, the Son of God ;
Held the rotted corpse of sin
To His bosom pure within—
Paid the debt at fearful cost ;
Gave Himself, but saved the lost.

THE CROSS.

The cross, dear Lord, I take from Thee,
 Though heavy 'tis to bear;
For Thou hast borne so much for me
 Of sorrow, sin, and care.

No joy can come apart from pain,
 However bright the way;
So pain to me is always gain,
 Though cloudy be my day.

And so I place my hand in Thine—
 The heavy Cross I bear,
Since grief can only be a sign
 That Thou my Cross doth share.

HERE TO-DAY.

Here, here to-day, O blessed Son of God!
Ne'er to depart nor leave His church alone,
But still to work His wonders as of old—
Reveal His power and gather out His own.

Here, here to-day, yet standing at the door
Until we yield and let Him take control;
Longing to cleanse His temple once again—
Purge out the dross and sanctify the whole.

Oh, to believe the Saviour here to-day!
Here as of old His blessing to impart;
Spirit of God, blest Paraclete divine—
Jesus in Thee, and Thou in every heart!

HEAR THOU HIS PRAYER.

O, gracious Lord Thou great eternal One!

To Thee alone I come for Thou wilt hear,
Keep Thou Thy child wherever he may roam,
Hear Thou his prayer and drive away his fear.

Grant him, dear Lord, Thy presence hour by hour,
Reveal Thy will and help him to obey;
May he commune and fellowship with Thee—
Hear Thou his prayer and guide him on his way.

May he repose, O Lord, upon Thy breast,
Restful and still, in quietness possessed,
Filled with Thy love and calm amid the strife—
Hear Thou his prayer and grant him his request.

Keep far away the worry and the care,
Lest he should fret and cease to rest in Thee;
Peace, perfect peace, and hushed in Heaven's calm—
Hear Thou his prayer and set his spirit free.

TARRY DEAR LORD.

Tarry, dear Lord, oh linger by my side,
Haste not away, but still with me abide;
Dark grows the night, the light I cannot see—
Stay then, O Lord, and tarry Thou with me.

Though friends forsake, and I am left alone,
No one who cares and naught to call my own,
Yet, Thou, dear Lord, hast promised to abide—
Come then, oh come, and tarry at my side!

Be Thou my Help when other helpers fail,
Guide Thou my steps for I am weak and frail;
'Mid calm or storm, in comfort or in pain,
Grant me, dear Lord, Thy presence to sustain.

And when at last I reach my journey's end,
Still, still abide, I crave no other friend;
Death! What of death? 'Tis life eternally!
Come then O Lord, and tarry Thou with me!

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM.

Though the darkness and gloom triumphant
O'er the whole of the world abides,
And the armies of Evil conquer
Till there seemeth no power besides;
Though the sword with its wake of sorrow,
And the fields where the battles rage,
Seem to mock at the Prince of Salem,
And the Hope of the Coming Age—

*Yet the kingdom is surely coming,
By the prophets so long foretold
When the sword shall be sheathed forever
In a peace that can ne'er grow old;
For the King will Himself, 'tis promised,
In millennial splendor reign,
And the world overflow with gladness,
For His plan shall at last be plain.*

Though the kingdoms of earth in council
On the wisdom of man rely,
And refuse to accept the offer
Of the Lord who is ever nigh;
Though the forces of Wrong be many,
And the armies of Right but few—
Though the works of the godless triumph,
And the False overthrow the True—

*Yet the kingdom is surely coming,
By the prophets so long foretold
When the sword shall be sheathed forever
In a peace that can ne'er grow old;
For the King will Himself, 'tis promised,
In millennial splendor reign,
And the world overflow with gladness,
For His plan shall at last be plain.*

Though the Hope of the Ages tarry
Ere the prayers of the church prevail,
And the darkness of sin and evil
All the forces of Light assail—
Though the sorrows of persecution
For the sake of the Saviour's cause,
Overshadow the brighter vision
And the promise of righteous laws—

*Yet the kingdom is surely coming,
By the prophets so long foretold
When the sword shall be sheathed forever
In a peace that can ne'er grow old;
For the King will Himself, 'tis promised,
In millennial splendor reign,
And the world overflow with gladness,
For His plan shall at last be plain.*

A SONG OF LOVE.

Come, sing me a song of love to-night
For my heart is sad and drear!
And let it float on the evening air
With its melody soft and clear.

'Twill soothe and quiet my restless pulse
As nothing else can do;
'Twill take me back to the dear old days
When first I cared for you.

"The Rosary" and "The Old Mill Stream,"
And then, "Life's Dream is O'er";
And mournfully, "Take Back the Heart"—
The dear old songs of yore.

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie,"
And, "Juanita," soft and low,
And then "The Shadow of the Pines"—
The sweetest ones I know.

And, "Silver Threads Among the Gold,"
With a strain of "Far Away";
Or else, "My Old New Hampshire Home"—
'Twill rest the toil of day.

And after that, "Sweet Genevieve,
Or, "Darling Nellie Grey";
But last of all "Love's Old Sweet Song,"
To drive the clouds away.

I often think of the angel choir
In the heavenly land above,
And wonder if they are singing there
The beautiful songs of love.

For love alone must ever be
The bond of human affection;
It makes the home and those within
The centre of man's protection.

Without it home could not exist,
And each would live apart—
A cold, a hard and selfish life—
A brain without a heart.

But when the living flame of love
Has reached the heart of man,
It makes him tender, mellow, kind,
As nothing else e'er can.

And is there any virtue known
More sacred than our love?
Its holy passion seems to breath
The atmosphere above.

Then let me hear your voice to-night,
For my heart is sad and drear;
And ere your song shall die away
'Twill banish every fear.

LOVE UNRECIPROCATED.

It is calling, ever calling like a phantom of the night,
With a melancholy echo all its own;
And it wakens deep emotions surging low amid the
fight

With a power of mystic grandeur overthrown.

'Tis the thought of hopes now shattered nevermore to
live again,

Like a vessel cast adrift upon the sea—

'Tis the pathos of a mem'ry that recalls in sad refrain
Recollections of the dreams that used to be.

'Tis the torture of a hunger that can never be ap-
peased.

And its gnawing, gnawing, gnawing, at the heart;
Not an hour of life that passes but is pounced upon and
seized

By a spectre that will nevermore depart.

In the quiet of the evening when the day has passed
away,

And the twilight flings its mantle over all,
Comes a yearning and a longing with the sun's last
ling'ring ray,

While a thousand silent voices seem to call.

When the shades of night have gathered, lying still in
sweet repose

Comes a vision of a figure bending low;
And the eager eyes awaken, straining wildly ere they
close

On the emptiness that leaves a deeper woe.

THE SACRIFICE OF LOVE

'Twas when the darkness fell—a long time now—
The quiet night had settled over all
And hushed the noisy clamor of the day,
The low light flooded full upon her face
As though the gentle softness of the moon
Would blend in melancholy all its own
Each tender smile that flitted to and fro.

'Twould hardly cause a second glance at first,
Yet, when you came to watch its changing moods,
To mark the wistful glances of the eyes,
The flush that raced to cover all the cheek—
To note the mellow smile so long retained,
And feel the lonely throb of deeper life,—
Ah! then you knew, knew that behind it all
There beat a woman's heart, a woman's soul.

'Twas thus I saw her on that Sabbath eve—
This lonely soul; and lo! she lives to-night
Within my vision sweeter, sadder still.
Her eyes looked into mine so calm and strong;
And when she spoke, her voice so soft and low,
Poured forth in such melodious tones that I
Could only close my eyes and let her speak.
And on that night that I can ne'er forget
She opened all her heart, unlocked each door,
And told me what I long had felt was true.

At first she did not care; he came and went,
And meant but little more than all the rest:
Nor could she view him in a better light.
His features were but homely at the best;
And, save a body large and strong, he had
But little that could woo a woman's love.
Yet strange—so strange is love, 'twas always so;
And who can tell to where its voice may call—
For lo! at last, when months had passed away,
She found her heart regardless of her wish
Fast slipping from her grasp. Unhappy girl!
And so she came to love the one she scorned.

There came one night—'twas in the city park—
A night that none save lovers e'er have known,
For life seemed now to her but naught before,
Nor ever afterwards. 'Twas focused all
Upon that one lone night beside the lake
That nestled in the park. There side by side
They wiled the hours away. The moon o'er head
Shone softly down upon them through the trees;
The waters murmured on the quiet shore.
And now and then a weary breath of wind
Stirred restlessly among the silent leaves.
For long they sat and talked in whispers low,
And then, with scarce a pause or warning note,
He turned upon her full and told her all.

No pen of mortal man can e'er describe
The thrill that shot like light'ning through her veins.
It seemed as though her heart must surely burst—

She had not known he cared. How could she know?
Had he not gone with Alice all the while?
And were they not together day by day?
And Alice, did she not his love return,
And that in fuller measure than he gave?
He had been lonely, that was why he came;
She had not thought of love except her own.

A moment thus she paused to gain control;
She would not, dare not, trust herself to speak.
Her heart must cease to throb so violently,
The mighty thrill subside. At last she spoke:
"And what, oh what of Alice?" Thus she pled,
Her voice so low he scarce could catch the name.
"Alice! why, what is she to me? You dear,
You, and no one else." "But I thought, I thought
'Twas true," she cried. "No, no, 'tis not, 'tis not!
I went with Alice first because I had
None other at the time to fill the hours.
And then you know how ill her mother grew,
Until at last she was no more. And lo!
I tried and tried to break away, but failed,
For Alice fain would have my sympathy,
And seemed to lean upon my stronger arm,
What should I do? How could I leave her then,
And cause her deeper sorrow still? Ah, no!
My heart is yours and must be evermore."
And as he spoke there gleamed a new found hope—
A vision of the life that now was hers,
The joy of love she thought another owned.

And then, with overwhelming mastery,
There flashed a vision of a lonely girl
Beside her mother's bed. For months she stayed
Within that silent room, and lovingly
Attended to the wants that had no end.
Now helping from the tray, one arm beneath
The head so precious, soon to hold no more,
Now talking in low whispers near the ear
That ever bent to listen with delight;
Now falling on her knees to plead in prayer
The promises that filled the sacred Book.
And then when sleep had come and all was still,
For hours, reclining faithful by her side,
And gazing down upon the wasted form
Until the hot tears fell like summer rain
Beside the one she soon must bid "Goodbye."

And when at last the dreaded day had come—
The day they bore her to her resting place,
It seemed as though the sun had ceased to shine,
And darkness deep had mantled all the earth.
And then for months unmindful of the day,
She found herself beside the quiet grave
Where lay the one she loved beyond all else.
No need to hold them now, those sobbing tears,
For they will nevermore disturb her rest,
Nor wake her from the silence of the dead.
"Oh Alice! dear, sweet Alice, precious child,
How deep your sorrow lies! how hard to bear!"

But now the former vision came again,
And craved for recognition as before,
She saw herself the wife of him she loved,
The happy mother of a little form
That clung so lovingly about her neck.
And felt a manly arm around her waist.
Her head upon his shoulder, and his lips
Tight pressed against her own. She saw herself
Grow old, the cherished wife of him she loved,
Her all in all.

And as she dreamed, her form
Swayed back and forth, yet ever nearer him
As though 'twere drawn by love's magnetic power.
His breath was on her cheek, his arms outstretched,
And she had almost yielded to her joy,
When, sudden like a flash from yonder sky,
She saw the little room, the wasted form,
The cold, dark grave, and ever near at hand
The sorrow-stricken, hunger-tortured face
Of one who seemed to plead, "I need him more."
And lo! the face of Alice won the day,
For, with a heart that none may ever know—
A heart by bitter anguish rent and torn,
She turned her wondrous eyes of deepest love,
A moment since with passion all aglow,
But now in saddest cast, and thus she spoke:
"You must go back to her, she needs you more."

THE LOST IDEAL.

Would I had sung my songs to only one,
Each sad heart yearning of a great desire!
Had known but one grand passion deep and strong,
Revealed to one alone the hidden fire!

Could I but see no other face save one,
No other scenes save those with her alone!
Could know no dream or vision in the night—
One, only one, and she my very own!

Oh, that 'twere as I saw it long ago—
One hope, one love, one woman and one choice!
Oh, to retrace once more the bitter years—
Hear once again the music of her voice!

Ah, but life fades, and disappointments come!
Hopes lie deferred and darkness shadows all;
Back, back to Thee, Thou Source of human rest—
Life's bubbles burst, its castles break and fall.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

You may sing your songs to the surging throngs!
They will praise you, they will flatter,
But a day will dawn as you journey on
When their praises will not matter.

They will sound your fame, they will praise your
name—

The reward you seek will follow;
But you'll find at last when the day is past,
That the fame of earth is hollow.

You will gain renown, you will win your crown,
But the thought will leave you never,
That the price you paid was a heart inlaid
With a love now lost forever.

And you'll come once more as you came of yore
For the gift you once could waken,
But to God above for a woman's love,
You will pray unheard, forsaken.

AH DARLING!

Ah darling! my heart is lonely to-night,
For my thoughts are all of thee,
And I dream of the face I love so well—
By love transfigured for me.

Ah darling! my heart is lonely to-night,
For it seems but yesterday
That I tenderly drew you in love's net
To my heart, and there you lay.

Ah darling! my heart is lonely to-night,
For the one I love so well;
And I yearn for the day of fadeless bliss—
Forever with you to dwell.

THE LOVER'S PRAYER.

Dear God, protect my little girl,
Watch o'er her day by day,
For Thou canst keep her safely
Though she's many miles away.

It may be her life is lonely,
O'er some sorrow in her heart,
Has shut out all the sunshine,
Then, dear God, Thy joy impart.

And give her calm and quiet,
Fill her soul with sweetest peace;
And may Thy tender kindness,
Loving Father, never cease!

Thou gavest us each other,
Thou didst teach us how to love;
Is there anything can part us
Since our lives were planned above?

Oh, I'm lonely for my dear one,
And perhaps she's lonely too—
Grant us grace, dear God, sufficient
Till we meet, and keep us true!

THE LOVER'S ENTREATY.

Dear little girl, I cannot give you up—

My heart is yours and evermore shall be;
I gave my love and would not have it back
For you are more than life itself to me.

A shattered, broken heart is mine to-night,
Beneath the heaviest blow of all my life;
I cannot live unless I know that you
Will some day be my own, my darling wife.

You too, have suffered O my dearest one—
My heart is bleeding for you day by day;
'Tis strange and though we cannot understand,
Yet still we know it is our Father's way.

No poet ever wrote with sadder heart
Than mine as I compose these dreary lines,
For from its broken depths each word is torn,
And so it bleeds as do the severed vines.

I know, dear one, you do not want to part,
Nor even cause your lowly lover pain;
The joys that you have tasted in the past
Your poor, lost heart desires to have again.

When I remember all the days of yore,
And think of each caress and kiss of love,
And sweet communion in those sacred themes,
The scalding tears burst forth like rain above.

How often have you told me of your love!
Of how forever it would surely last,
And wept when I suggested it might not—
O darling mine, how sweet has been the past!

Come to me, oh, come soon, my precious girl,
And let your dear, sweet lips touch mine again,
That, as I clasp you to my throbbing breast,
Your old time love may once more come and reign.

Oh, can you think that God who led us thus
And gave us such great happiness and peace,
Could ever let us part, my darling girl?
Ah, no! our love will never, never cease.

'Tis but a trial, O precious sweetheart mine,
That He would put us through, there may be sin,
But when the furnace fire has purified,
We'll find our love o'er flowing deep within.

And though our weeping tarry for a night,
His Word is sure, His promise cannot fail,
We trust and wait to see it all fulfilled—
Eternal joy when God draws back the veil.

THE LOCKET.

My darling, I loved you dearly
When I folded you to my heart,
And I knew that it was not merely
A feeling that would depart.

'Twas not a rush of emotion—
It was not a transient dream,
But a deep and quiet devotion
Like the flow of an endless stream.

So I send this little token
As an emblem and nothing more—
May it speak though in words unspoken
And open your heart's closed door!

And oh, when you wear it, dearest,
On your birthday morning fair,
May you feel that he is nearest
Who longs your life to share!

LONELY AND ALONE.

Lonely and alone, dearest,
My heart is longing for thee,
And the cold, bleak wind is moaning
Like the waves of a restless sea.

I sit alone in my study
By the side of the open-grate,
With never a thought of the present,
Nor the fact that the hour is late.

Madly the flames leap upward
As though some mortal foe
Would quell the mighty struggle
Ere the elements cease to blow.

They gleam in the darkened corners—
The shadows vanish away;
'Tis the only light remaining
Since the closing of the day.

I shudder and draw yet nearer
To the blaze upon the hearth,
And the wild storm rages louder
Till it shakes the very earth.

And ever the flames dart upward
I seem to see your face,
And the tears of anguish gather,
As I sigh for heavenly grace.

The days we spent together—
The scenes of long ago
Return as fresh as ever—
The days we used to know.

I see you beside the water
In the calm of the summer day—
I watch you amid the shadows
With your lover in happy play.

The soft, light touch of your fingers—
The kiss of your lips so sweet—
The clasp of your arms so tender
As our spirits magnetic meet.

And ever you lift me higher
In the onward march of life,
For your purity hovers around me
In the midst of the bitter strife.

And to-night in my lonely study,
As I list to the wintry blast,
I long with an infinite longing
For the days of the distant past.

For oh, dear heart, I am lonely,
And I long to call you my own,
To taste with my precious treasure
The depths of a love unknown.

THE LAST LETTER.

What depths of feeling surge within my breast
As through my tears I pen each halting line!
What sacred scenes of by-gone days so blest
Arise unbidden in this heart of mine!
Thou who alone hast power to cheer or blight
This life, till now committed to thy care—
To thee, most precious one, these words I write;
Thou art so sweet, thy spirit choice and rare,
So good and true. Ah! were it not for God,
This life, I fear, had faded long ago.
So may we trust; 'tis all His chast'ning rod.
And now, a long farewell. Some day we'll know.
Farewell! Farewell!

OLCOTTE BEACH.

The mournful wind, the sighing trees,
 The hot and sultry day,
 The loneliness, the solitude,
 The voices far away—

The mystic spell of Nature's hand,
 And all her silent ways,
 Bring back, bring back again to me
 The scenes of other days.

Alone, alone 'mid these great hills
 I lie and think it o'er—
 And seem to hear the breakers roar
 Upon the beach once more.

I see you lying on the sand
 As happy as can be,
 Your hat upon your face to hide
 The passing blush from me.

With rapture wild I throw myself
 Beside you as you lay,
 When lo! you fill my pockets all
 With sand in gleeful play.

And then I vow, yet not in wrath,
 To take a lover's fee;
 I know no other penalty—
 You ask no less of me.

We struggle, struggle on the sand—
The prize is worth it all;
But soon the fight is won, and you
A willing victim fall.

Then back you lie in deep content
When ends the blissful fray,
While I my head in ecstacy
Upon your shoulder lay.

And there upon the silent shore
We watch each ling'ring ray,
Until at length the shades of night
Proclaim the end of day.

And here amid the sleeping hills
I lie and think it o'er—
The dear, sweet hours of Olcotte Beach,
The hours that are no more.

TOGETHER.

We have worked and prayed together
Through the dark and sunny days —
We have labored with each other,
And have shared the blame and praise.

With our eyes upon the Master,
And our hearts with zeal aglow,
We have borne the trials and sorrows
Of the weary ones below.

In the quiet of our study,
Bowing low on bended knee,
We have claimed the promised blessing—
He has answered every plea.

Day by day, our work unhampered
By the selfishness of life,
We have striven to be faithful,
And to conquer in the strife.

And our labor—oh how precious
Every moment, every hour!
Sympathy by hearts united
Comes to be the master power.

Once alone and cruelly severed,
Toiling on with none to share;
Now the burden borne together—
Oh, how easy 'tis to bear!

Was it sickness, was it anguish—
Were there hours of dreaded pain,
We have watched and served and waited,
Bearing patiently the strain.

And together in His service,
Love uniting heart to heart,
In a sweeter, closer union
He will greater joy impart.

For we'll soar above the mountain
With the sunrise in our eyes—
And we'll tread beneath the valley
Where the sunset never dies.

Thus, we'll journey on together
Sweetly blending soul with soul,
Growing daily like each other
Till the bells of evening toll.

Nevermore to part asunder
While the years are passing o'er—
Nevermore to leave each other
Till we reach the further shore.

Then amid the great cathedral
Through eternal ages blest,
We shall labor on together
Having found the perfect rest.

THE BETROTHAL.

The shades of evening gathered thick and fast,
And darkly over all a mantle cast;
The cloudlets seemed to kiss the distant sky,
And floated past so lightsome, free and high.

The great, wide world lay silent at our feet,
And scarce a murmur reached our lone retreat;
Though ever and anon with shriek and roar,
Around the curve the heartless night car tore.

Upon the grass and near a fallen tree,
A little hollow fitted purposely—
The canopy of heaven far above—
The water singing lullabys of love.

A deep and mystic silence over all—
The silence that foreshadows love's sweet call;
The lightsome clouds now vanished out of sight,
And all the stars arrayed in tender light.

And on we talked in whispers soft and low,
Our voices throbbing with emotion so—
The words of love unspoken, yet expressed,
Or told in trembling, broken tones at best.

But what of that! for heart had throbbed to heart,
And love eternal, true, had done its part;
We knew that God had led, 'had set His seal,
And guided where we could not see or feel.

And then we heard no more the roaring car,
Nor sound of good or ill though near or far—
We saw no more the shadowed lake or land,
But lay enwrapped as one, with hand in hand.

Oh, sacred spot! oh, joy of yonder night!
Nor artist e'er can paint, or poet write—
It lies deep buried in the heart of man,
From age to age unchanged—God's thought and plan.

MY DARLING.

My darling, you are sweeter
 Than in the days of yore,
 And oh, I love you dearer,
 And will forevermore!
 I had not thought you e'er could be
 So wondrous sweet and dear to me.

My darling, you are precious—
 More precious every hour,
 I have no other treasure—
 You hold me in your power.
 So precious that I almost fear
 Lest I should lose my treasure dear.

My darling, you are dearer—
 Yes, dearer day by day;
 And oh, my heart is aching—
 I scarce can break away;
 Your arms entwined so lovingly
 Would hold me through Eternity.

ONLY A RING.

'Twas only a ring that I gave you, dear,
 'Neath the light of the stars above,
And oh, it seemed such a little thing—
 But it sealed, it sealed our love;
Then wear it, dear, while the years go by—
 My own true love forever;
And from that hour that made us one
 May naught arise to sever.

'Twas only a ring, yes, only a ring
 That I placed upon your hand,
But let us not think of the value, dear,
 If our hearts would understand.
For it takes us back to the hallowed spot
 Where first we told the story,
And it bears us on to the coming years—
 The promise of love's glory

'Twas only a ring, but it told you, dear,
 Of a love that would not die,
Away in the woods by the river side,
 And under the star-lit sky;
With never a sound but the paddle dip,
 And the murmur of voices low—
Or the tender strains of a plaintive song
 As the boats passed to and fro.

'Twas only a ring, but the night throbbed on,
And it seemed so hard to part,
For the mystic spell of a joy unknown
Had stolen upon your heart.
Then wear it, dear, while the years go by—
My own true love forever:
And from that hour that made us one
May naught arise to sever!

O HEART OF MINE!

O heart of mine, amid thy pain and anguish,
So racked and torn, by sleepless hours oppress'd.
Remember still however great thy suff'ring,
Thy lover also feels and is distressed.

His heart is thine and beats in perfect union;
He feels each throb and longs to bring release,
Distressed when thou art bowed in deep affliction,
And yearning only for thy joy and peace.

Oh, sweet the hours when in his arms enfolded,
He feels thy body nestled to his own,
And by a touch o'er coming pain's dominion,
There comes a quiet fraught by love alone.

'Tis then he feels his love in all its fulness,
And wants thee more than all the world beside—
Thy aches but strike a chord of sweeter music,
A chord that long ago had bled and died.

God speed the day when evermore united,
We have the right ordained by Love divine—
The right to sooth, to comfort when in sorrow,
And that forever more, O heart of mine!

'Twill NOT BE LONG.

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'Twill NOT BE LONG.

'Twill not be long. O precious sweetheart, mine —
The day will dawn, the day of days appear,
When side by side united we shall stand,
Our lives made one, our love expelling fear.

Then let us wait and patiently forbear—
We know not all nor can we see the end;
Yet this we know, that He is ever near
To guide us still, our best, our truest Friend.

Nor will He fail what e'er the way we take—
His love will stand though good or ill befall;
His way is best, He knows the better plan,
And waits to answer when His children call.

Ah, sweet indeed the moments and the hours—
The soft, light touch, the throb of heart to heart!
Yet through it all a shadow overcast—
The thought that soon the time must come to part.

But now at last, oh words that thrill the soul!
No more to leave, to think of time no more,
But hour by hour with naught to intervene,
Our love poured forth in boundless, endless store.

We know not yet, nor can we fully grasp,
The great heart-love that yearneth more and more.
But now 'tis near, the day for which we wait,
When unrestrained, we'll sip love's hidden core.

'Twas long ago we placed it in His hands,
And bade Him lead however sad our song;
Then let us trust, O precious sweetheart, mine!
And bravely wait, for lo! 'twill not be long.

DO YOU MISS ME?

Do you miss me, do you care—
Is the parting hard to bear?
Tell me, darling, tell me true
For my heart is calling you—
Calling, calling all the day,
In my work and in my play.
Tell me, darling, tell me true
For I want no one but you!
Do you miss me, do you care—
Answer, is it hard to bear?

Do I miss you, do I care—
Is it hard for *me* to bear?
Can it be, O sweetheart, true,
That you doubt my love for you?
Listen, darling, let me tell
When I love you, love you well—
Long so much to have you near,
Hold you, kiss you, call you "dear";
Listen till I tell you when,
And you'll ask no longer then.

When the moon is shining bright,
In the quiet of the night;
'Mid the loneliness so drear,
Wishing you were somewhere near.
When the sun has gone to rest,
And my heart is sore oppress'd;
When I hear the voices call,
And I long to tell you all—
Then, my darling, then, I care—
Find it, oh, so hard to bear!

DEAR GIRLIE, COME BACK.

Dear girlie, come back, oh hasten, I pray,
My darling, my treasure, my own!
The shadows are falling, the night is o'er cast,
And I am so lonely and lone.

Dear girlie, 'tis dark, the house is so still,
For gone is the one I adore;
And oh, I am lonely so lonely to-night—
We never were parted before!

Dear girlie, though far, yet close at my side,
Your spirit communing with mine,
And whispers of love yet sweeter by far,
Portrayed in an image divine.

Dear girlie, come back, I want you to-night,
Oh, how can you linger and stay?
The shadows are falling, the sky is o'er cast,
Then hasten, dear girlie, I pray!

WIFE.

How glad I am to-night, O dearest one,
That I can call you "wife," my own true wife!
Mine only, all, and held by bands of love
That naught can e'er unloose in death or life.

What nearer, sweeter union could there be?
Wife, husband, home; and love, the best of all,
All knit in one, a bond with none more dear,
By God ordained long years before the Fall.

And darling Glen, the image of us both—
A link that holds most sure in calm or strife;
Our little cherub from the Father's hand—
O darling mine, 'tis sweet to call you "wife"!

HOPE ON.

And dost thou still upon the scenes of yore
Gaze backward in thy musings o'er and o'er?
The blessed, hallowed memories that take
Thy thoughts to days already lived, and make
Thy life, as 'twere, a lovely dream now past
Instead of vision bright—Is this to last?

O heart, hope on! Gaze upward through thy night,
Lift high thine eyes, behold the coming light!
For though the stars still shine, yet yonder, see!
The dawn! and lo, another day! With thee
The rising sun. Look up! the night is gone—
The future calls; God lives! Hope on! Hope on!